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STREET CLEANING BY CITIZENS.

When matters get to such a pitch that sanitary organizations of citizens are required in order to make even a show of having the city streets cleaned, the time has come for prompt and decisive action on the part of responsible city officials. That such a time has come in New York is made evident by the formation of the Street-Cleaning Society and the promulgation of that organization's plenary. These plenary are as a matter of fact, little more than agreements on the part of householders to obey the ordinances regarding ash-barrels and garbage, which are presumably meant to be obeyed with or without pledge. But the significance of such agreements and of the formation of the Society spreading their forth is a grave one.

Practically it means that a great city Department, with a chief officer and subordinates and laborers and all the apparatus required, drawing constantly from the city the money for salaries, wages and other expenses, all with the idea that it has duties to perform, is either no efficient, or so inefficient, or so deliberately negligent that citizens are forced to organize and take steps, personally, towards the performance of at least some part of that Department's work. Such a state of affairs is disgraceful to the city and an outrage upon the taxpayers. It has been allowed to exist too long already. The demand of the hour is that it shall continue no further.

Time is past for the excuse of leucy in any form. The moment for action is come. Commissioners BEAVER either can or cannot clean the streets. If he cannot, either he is a failure or his office is a blank, or he is an idler. In any case, the people are entitled to know what he is doing. They will look to see that this wrong is righted. They have the inalienable right to the service for which their taxes pay.

THE INTERVIEWED HELLO.

Nothing is more beautiful than to see Nature leap into the breach and by her own sweet spontaneity compass at once some nascent want. When the first being the first man he uttered unpreparedly "Aow!" The first man who approached a telephone to wake up the fellow at the other end said "Hello!" by the same natural impulse. Everybody has believed ever since, as the introduction to telephone communication.

And now in the Central Telephone Exchange in Detroit they have stepped the "Hello!" Forbidden it!

The dear hollering girls have had other restrictions imposed upon them, all more or less violent, but none so beyond natural powers as this. They may not chew gum during working hours, nor may they have private guests with each other over the phone. These are hard, yes. Impossible, no.

The result will be that the good girls will contract a bad habit of speech, and the naughty girls will be openly insubordinate. The good girl will stop to the phone, say "Hello!" and then stop. She will be the victim to her desire to obey.

It is no wonder they are planning a strike. They feel that they must say "Hello!" at the phone or else earn their living at something else which isn't so much of a strain on them. Let the Company recall its cruel, unnatural, unkind. The voice of nature demands the telephonic "Hello!"

BUDDIN'S TIME TO FADE.

The controversy with Italy over the New Orleans affair, at first quite exciting, rather interesting, and finally somewhat amusing, has now come down to the edge of the ridiculous. M. Ricciotti, realizing that he was impressing nobody over here, and was, in fact, making his case look pitifully weak to all outside nations, sought to cover his official intimation that he had had enough of it, with an accusation that Mr. BLAINE had been guilty of undiplomatic conduct in making public use of a telegram which, Ricciotti asserted, was communicated to him in confidence.

Without replying directly to the impudent RUDDIN, Mr. BLAINE cables to Minister PORTER at Rome his dignified denial of this charge, and the information that he has forgiven by mail proofs of the falsity. If RUDDIN has half as much good sense as he has judgment, he will let the matter drop before his accumulation of errors has become mountainous.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art will open to-day for the Summer. Several notable additions have been made to its treasure, including the Braxton Ives collection of Japanese swords and several fine paintings and pieces of sculpture. The most desirable announcement to be made about the Metropolitan, however, will be that its doors will be thrown open to the people on Sunday. The delay in accomplishing this good is almost shameful.

Nothing is older than Death and still there are no more effective dramatic situations than those which the remorseless reaper of men creates by the swing of his scythe. The sudden death of CHARLES PRATT, one of the Standard Oil millionaires, yesterday evening, was certainly

one. He was stricken down and died a few hours afterwards in his office. Four Standard Oil Cruisers watched over his remains while they were detained for five hours before the permit for their removal could be secured. Then the body of the man worth millions was taken in a wagon, at midnight, over the Bridge which he had crossed full of plans and business in the morning. Mr. PRATT had used his wealth benevolently and wisely.

The autopsy on the body of Dr. BOWEN, has shown two things of comfort. One, that the physicians had rightly located the cork, which was found in the lower bifurcation of the left bronchial tube, where they said it was. The other, that even had another operation followed that of Wednesday, Dr. BOWEN's life could not have been saved. The autopsy, therefore, gives pleasing confirmation of the medical skill brought to bear on the case, while every one will be glad that the brave man whose superb physical powers were surpassed by his splendid courage was spared the torture of a useless operation. The memory of his fortitude is a glorious monument as it is.

The May-day trouble at Fourmeaux, where nine people were killed by the soldiers, has consequences growing more and more grave. The district is wildly excited and more troops have been hurried to the scene. M. COMTEAU, Minister of the Interior, explaining the affair to the French Deputies yesterday, was interrupted by the exclamation of "Murder!" from a Deputy who had afterwards to be removed from the Chamber.

The American Trotting Association has before it the case of Nelson, the great record-holding stallion now under the ban of the National Association because of his owner's alleged crookedness. The stallion should be allowed to trot again. He is not responsible for what a man has done.

Collector KERNER doesn't know what to do when an urn arrives in which the ashes of an individual cremated in Vienna are sealed. The law demands its unsealing. The Collector is the last man to do an unfeeling thing, but there seems no escape from duty in this matter.

An infant child, confined and about to be buried, interrupted the obsequies by a return to life. It was transferred to its cradle, and may live to tell of its escape to its grandchildren. May the child never live to regret its deferred burial.

At the annual meeting of the Grant Monument Association new life was infused into that body by the starting of a new fund, to which five gentlemen contributed each \$10,000. Now let these worthies find imitators and all will go well.

The arrest yesterday of the former President and cashier of the North River Bank on a charge of signing false quarterly reports is a step in the right direction. There is too much crooked work in our banking system.

Both parties to the agreement are to be congratulated on the acceptance by the National Democratic Committee of permanent headquarters with the Democratic Club at 617 Fifth avenue.

A committee of manufacturers is to discuss the American piano pitch with a view to establishing a standard. Dwellers in flat-houses will urge that they make it as low as possible.

The waitresses in an uptown restaurant had struck. They want more pay, shorter hours of work and less work. Their demands do not seem unreasonable.

Secretary SPAULDING, of the Treasury Department, is authority for the statement that sugar will remain cheap in spite of the Trusts.

Col. GILLISPIE, of the United States Engineering Corps, says he cannot be bothered by bandy Hook. This is encouraging.

The merry was between Recorder SMYTH and District Attorney NICOLL goes on apace. The recorder won the luring yesterday.

SPOTLETS.

Somebody says there is gold in the Kosh lymph. Gold for Kosh?

Why not get up a sparkling display at the colleges? There are plenty of "coaches."

Now that Frank Work has given up work, he should change his name to Fry.

Many of our best ball-players are back-headers when their object is a base one.

Returned to Member Jones. All skin and bones. He has the remains of little Tommy Jones. "Tommy" taking too much stuff on his stomach. —*Winnipeg Globe.*

Some men are too small to be belittled.

The ball fraternity are protectionists. Don't they look out for the home game?

"What an awful liar he must have been!" said Goodwood gravely, as he read a tombstone. "Even his remains lie."

A large dry-goods establishment is like a ship, it is full of sailors.

Marion Macaulay's marriage with Jack Mason was a new show away. At least the cabdriver says. "New show away."

Appropriate Colors. —*[From Harper's Bazar.]*

"Parrots are richly colored. Green signifies eternal freshness, and there's no fresher bird than the parrot."

"Tee. And how appropriate is the color of the parrot—yellow? There's no bird that yells like a parrot."

Buy It at Any Price. —*[From Harper's Bazar.]*

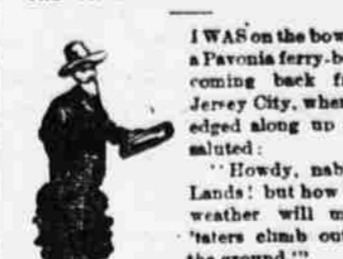
Wool—I wish you would lend me some money to buy a violin. I've found one that I like. —*Van Ness.*

Not in It. —*[From Brooklyn Life.]*

First Voice.—Did you hear Ingersoll's lecture on Shakespeare?



THE PATENT TOWEL-RACK MAN.



I WAS on the bow of a Pannonia ferry-boat, coming back from Jersey City, when he edged along up and saluted:

"Howdy, nabor! Lands! but how this weather will make 'aters climb out of the ground!"

He was a man rather past the middle age, and he looked as innocent as a lamb and as good-natured as a strawberry-bush.

"Yes, good growing weather."

"Couldn't be better," he said. "I've got the corn and taters all in a week ago, and I guess he's got the beans in afore now."

"Sile ain't no hand to beat a tin peddler down on the price of milk pans, but he's a hose to work. Sile's my son, you know."

"Last Winter," he continued, as he began to unwrap a parcel. "I had a hile on my leg, and was laid up fur a week. Had biles. I take it?"

"Yes."

"Mighty unpleasant till you kin draw 'em to a head with flaxseed and bust 'em. While I wasn't doin' much of nothin' but grinnin' and cussin' with that hile I invented this. The idea struck me all to once, and afore night I had one made."

"What is it?"

"A patent roller towel-rack fur kitchen use. Got the patent on it two weeks ago, and I've come to New York to take orders. Every kitchen in America needs a roller towel rack, and nuthin' was ever made to beat this. I ficer on sellin' a hundred thousand in this town at a quarter price."

It was a plain affair, made of white-wood, and I couldn't see where it differed from other roller towel-racks. When I said so he explained:

"In the first place it only needs one nail to support it. If I sell a million racks that's 900 keps of tennypenny nails saved. Then there ain't nuthin' to rust nor get out of order—no cog-wheels to slip, and no belts to run off. The average roller towel is two yards long. With this roller I save a quarter of a yard on every towel. That's 250,000 yards on a million racks. Hain't that with considerin' with roller-towels at 17 cents a yard?"

"Of course it is, but the roller seems to work the same as in all others."

"No, she don't! Every time you catch hold of the average towel and give it a pull the roller revolves five times and a quarter. With this patent it makes just thirteen revolutions. You don't hev to hunt half an hour to find a clean spot on the towel. I calculate that sixteen persons kin wipe on the same towel in a tavern wash-room and there will still be two dry spots left."

"I see this is finished up in the natural wood," I said, as he insisted on my revolving the roller.

"Exactly. Some will want 'em white, red, blue or black; some will put on landscape and decorate up with gold-leaf. By farashin' 'em plain all buyers kin 'em accordin' to taste. Plenty of room there fur decoratin' you see, and the religiously inclined kin put on 'God Bless Our Home,' and still have room for paintin' on a rooster or a shipwreck at sea."

"And you are going to try New York with this towel-rack?"

"That's me! Goin' to sell or bust. Sile suggested that I begin in some small town an' work up, but I says to him, says I: 'Sile, New York is allus hankerin' arter a good thing, an' it will be to buy it at a good price. I'll begin here. If this towel-rack makes a hit in New York, I'll strike him an' kin afford to wear calfskin boots in the year round for the rest of our days.'"

"Then Sile leaned up agin the smoke-house door an' thought an' think, an' finally says:

"'Dad, you is purty near plumb. You kin clumb up to be roadmaster and notary public of Huckleberry Plains agin all opposition, and if you don't hit 'em down there it won't be your fault. Go in!'"

"Well, I wish you luck," I said as the boat landed.

"Thank you. I'm a-going right in to make \$10,000 or break a leg. May be kinder uphill work at the start, but this 'ere towel-rack is bound to sell like early strawberries at 15 cents a box. I shall be tearin' around like a steer in a cornfield and may run across you agin. Please remember that I am Noah Davidson Hammerhill, of Huckleberry Plains, Notary Public, roadmaster and inventor of the seek-no-further kitchen roller towel-rack, which should be used by all respectable families, no matter what the religion or politics."

The Unknown Thirtieth Birthday. —*[From the Jeweller's Circular.]*

Cholly Goldsmith.—There is Alice Scott, Greenidge Passett, Minnie Pearson, all wear birthday rings; but Katherine Withers can't abide them.

Harold Harrington.—I suppose she told every one that she was thirty. She had reached her twenty-sixth birthday.

Ambiguities. —*[From the Jeweller's Circular.]*

Miss Fanner.—I hardly know it, but I must follow the fads. Now, everyone is wearing birthday rings and—

CHILDISH CARES.

Neil Nelson Tells How Little Ones Can Be Made Happy.

A Kind Word or Caress Will Dispel Many a Cloud.

Child Nature Must Be Studied and Trifles Attended To.

It takes so very little, such trifles in human affairs, to make children happy that the marvel is there are any unhappy ones in the world.

A smile, a kind word, a tender caress, a bit of deserving praise, the fulfillment of a promise, the repose of confidence, unqualified belief, the transfer of responsibility or stock in a flower garden, library, secret, songbird, savings bank or magazine will make a man of a small boy and give a tiny girl the proud importance of a queen.

And yet these sweet trifles that mean so much to the sensitive little creatures are withheld and they go through the whole Springtime of their lives heart-starved and sad, hungering for the subtle something, they don't know just what, that might make their existence heavenly.

If it were not for the forgetfulness of children thousands of their tender beings would die weekly of broken hearts.

Take for example the neighborhood of a public school and study the pupils as they turn into the block. They are all young and pretty; many of them mere babes in years and size, but in no funeral procession will you find so much sorrow, so many troubled faces and so many sad eyes.

Brave attempts are made to keep the tears back and the choking lumps down, but deception to succeed must have experience for an ally.

There is no need to ask any questions. The hurt is in the heart. Put an arm about the little shoulder, say some sympathetic word and see what a flood of grief will burst forth.

And the cause?

The cause is at home, in the obtuseness of some adult, who cannot and will not understand child nature.

One of the uptown schools has for a Principal a woman that the world would in its rashness call an old maid. Although past sixty, she is still young enough to "feel the woes" of the children in her charge and if he number of tears she has shed could have crystallized her crown would be a brilliant one.

Every morning she makes it her duty to circulate through the halls and corridors smiling the good mornings she has not a chance to speak while diligently searching for "the discolored."

These unhappy young people are taken aside, the trouble is probed for and the balm of sympathy is poured into the wound. There are few kisses, for the lady upholds the sporadic theory of communicating disease; but plenty of love pat, hand clasps that thrill magnetically, reassuring counsel and words that are both wise and comforting.

To make sure that no serious cases have been overlooked she personally visits every classroom and, with a tenderness born of woman's love, calls the troubled child out in the hall and brings back the sunshine to his aching heart.

It would amuse you, if there was less sadness in it all, to know the nature of these baby troubles.

One child had been punished for spilling water on the cover of the family bible; another lost the change—one dime—and was sent back to the shopkeeper in disgrace and branded by him as a thief; a third had a cherished drawing-box taken away because his last report was "not excellent," and a false report circulated by some classmates which reflected on the truthfulness of a little girl had caused her mother "not to love her for a whole week, or even speak to her."

It is regrettable, however, unreasonable demands, lack of study hour, neglected lessons, irregular meals, loss of sleep and personal neglect of the child were the cause of much grievance and unhappiness.

One little girl, far too small to care for herself, had not been washed and combed, "cause her mamma had a dressmaker in the house," and when a diminutive gossip said "out loud" that "she was never real clean," her heart was ready to break.

There is no reason to doubt this tender-hearted school veteran's assertion that the happiest part of thousands of children's lives is their school-days. Their teachers are not only wiser but kinder, more loving and vastly more generous than the average parent, who, however well meaning, does not believe in the old song, "If you love her, tell her so."

Some domestic scientist has calculated the average cost of a child per year in the following estimate:

Fifty-two weeks' board at \$3.....	\$156
Laundry.....	25
Six pairs of shoes at \$4.....	24
Clothing, wraps, blankets.....	25
Medical attendance.....	30
Books, toys, games, amusements.....	30
Travel expenses.....	30
Total.....	\$290

In other words a child is an expense of \$1 a day to the parent. But after the material provision the little one wants something else. He wants the sympathy, inter-

est and encouragement that age and experience alone can give.

He wants to be warned against the pitfalls and pen-dragons that imperil safety. He wants to be held very dear, to know how very precious he is to the whole family, that his griefs are their sorrows and his happiness their greatest joy.

He wants to be wooed as well as loved, for unless a father calls him "my own dear son" and the mother says he is "sweet child," how can he know that they love him?

Shoes and stockings, jackets and food, hats, wraps and a soft bed are not favors, but essentials; they are the child's just dues, and count for nothing in the real estimate of living.

What moves and delights him are the extras. When he brings his examination paper, his copy or composition book, his sketch or drawing home there should be manifested as much interest as the teacher displayed. To him it is a most important document, and it is not kind or just that it be lightly regarded.

Boys and girls go off and go wrong because their confidence is misplaced. Strangers listen to their troubles, give them comfort and advice, such as it is, and very soon have them under their influence.

There are times in every life when the downcast look for friendship, for someone to lean against, and if the material cannot be found at home it will be sought elsewhere.

The maturing man and woman who model the friendship of their parents in childhood are not likely to cultivate it as adults. Only a mighty force can reverse the current of the stream.

Much cherishing never spoils any one, and there are no creatures in the world that can stand as much or need as much loving as children. The real troubles and cares of life come all too soon to let imaginary ones mar the happiness of childhood.

NELL NELSON.

HAM AND EGGS FOR ONE.

(From Brooklyn Life.)



Act. I.—Hamlet.

The English writer, Mrs. Bishop (Miss Isabel Bird), is about to publish a book telling of her recent remarkable adventures. Mrs. Bishop's mission was to find the most socially neglected spot in the world—the spot where a hospital would be of greatest service. She set out accordingly, for "untrodden Asia," and went to Tibet. Her journey was full of difficulties, some of which could not be overcome, for in more than one instance, although permission was given her to go among tribes, it was on condition that the chiefs took their heads after her passage through their land.

Swinging kettles are made in both plated and sterling silver, the former worth \$16 a the latter \$18 each.

A vegetable hair dye is the latest. Four colors are claimed—black, brown, ash-blond and blonde. These are available for unscrupulous money-makers, but the wise woman will let her hair alone and devote what money and leisure she may have to putting some brains in her head.

The Misses Houghton, of Caldwell, Richmond, have published an interesting pamphlet describing the publication Santa Lucia, when they were sojourned in raised Braille type for reading in blind. The manuscript was received by the blind, that the ladies have resolved on bringing out a series of books in the same style, and Mr. Austin Dobson has given them permission to reproduce his "Miss de Corday."

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, editor of the *Magazine of American History*, has been elected to membership in twenty-five historical or learned societies in Europe and the United States.

Take cathartic acid 1/2 dram; oil of bergamot, 1 dram; glycerine, 2 ounces; mix; rub thoroughly into the roots of the hair, and apply by running freely afterwards. One application will cleanse the hair and scalp as clean as can be desired. Its use once a week will keep the hair soft and glossy, and will prevent dandruff from forming, besides keeping the scalp healthy and cool.

Mrs. Sartoris, nee Nellie Grant, is a specimen of the complete Anglizing that a dozen years' residence on the other side can make in a native American. Mrs. Sartoris was born and bred in the United States, and so were her parents, grandparents and great-grandparents before her. She married a Briton a dozen or more years ago, went over the sea to live with him, and now comes back to her people and friends with three tearful, caldoric, named out of an English story book—Rosemary, Vivien and Lionel. Julia, Ellen and Hiram are not so romantic, but they are names that her progenitors bore, and they are names too that twenty years hence will probably be three descendants of the Houghton-Sartoris family will prefer to their own ridiculous appellations. By the death of her father-in-law, who admitted her very much, Mrs. Sartoris inherited a comfortable sum, which a disolute son had squandered away. Although perfectly independent she could not be induced to live in America again. She prefers England.

Many of the eye-glasses and long-jackets carried by women of fashion are bound in gold.

Five women on the Chicago Health Board are paid \$1,000 a year apiece.

The blonde, if she is to be found in any numbers, must be looked for outside of the nation's metropolises. The fair-faced and light-haired American woman of to-day is rather a product of the villages and the country than of the Eastern cities, where population is densest. There are blonde girls in abundance on the east side of New York, where the Germans congregate; there are some, too, on Murray Hill, of aristocratic lineage, and in Harlem, where many Swedes live, there are numbers of light-haired girls, but altogether they form a comparatively small percentage of the city's inhabitants. The real stronghold of the blonde is in the West and Northwest. There are many blondes in Minnesota and the Dakota, the offspring of Scandinavian parents, and they abound in Nebraska and in Southern Illinois, where large colonies of Germans have settled. There are multitudes of fair-haired girls in Eastern Pennsylvania, the daughters of the Pennsylvania Dutch, and in Delaware, in Kentucky, in Baltimore and in Philadelphia they are not rare. But very generally in the East, and especially in the large cities, brunettes, that is the brown-haired, greatly outnumber the blondes, as they do in fact the world over. The perfect blonde is rarest type of beauty; the medium, with gray or blue eyes and brown hair are the most numerous, but the pure brunette with brown or black eyes and black hair are the best-looking and generally long-lived.

Those who are nervous and nervous are the most nervous. Those who are nervous are the most nervous. Those who are nervous are the most nervous.

What'll you have, Jack—some of this cough mixture or salt quinine?

The Hospitality of To-Day. —*[From Harper's Weekly.]*



Mother—Now, sir, you cannot have any cake at supper.

Joe—It don't look as if you would have any either!

What'll you have, Jack—some of this cough mixture or salt quinine?

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

White Silk Stockings for Brides—Miss Bird's Remarkable Book—Mrs. Sartoris Is Completely Anglized—Vegetable Hair Dye.

Stockings for the June bride are made of white silk, the fronts composed entirely of embroidery and lace insertion. It is seldom that anything so elaborate has been introduced into stockings. The pocket handkerchiefs of cambric, edged with Valenciennes, headed by drawn thread work—a sort of handkerchief—now considered in better taste than the colored borders, though they are to be had printed with flowers all over as well as on the open hem—are also special designs for the bride elect.

Mr. Herbert A. Levy, the artist, showed me some "Kodak" views of his own photographing one day. They were excellent in tone. Mr. Levy gives a good deal of attention to the classes of pretty girls, who think they love art, but between while he manages to amuse himself with his Kodak. He is a very good amateur photographer.

At one of the swell schools in this city, I understand that a boy was taken to task for having had wine at a dinner which he gave to some other boys. The school master's duty to his charge include the supervision of home conduct and matters which directly concern the parents.

George Vanderbilt is the quietest of the family. He is rarely heard of, and is said to be one of the men interested in this new Fine Arts Society. As a biographer, this younger of the "Vanderbilt boys" is best known, but it is quite in keeping with his quiet, cultivated nature that he should be fond of art.

This seems to be an epoch for excessive architectural ornamentation. Aside from some of the soft brick and stone ornamentation which are covered with baroque-like gables, and which are in much delicate carving done in terra cotta. Two new notions in this material, in process of erection in Fifty-seventh street, are very elaborately carved. Our architects seem to forget or not care so much for beauty of line and mass.

It is some comfort to us of this generation that we will see the Washington Arch when it is brand new, and hence when the white marble of which it is built will have its proper effect. Marble darkens so soon in this climate that after a